

# Warrant, Dead, Jail, Or Rock 'n Roll

When I was a kid all I wanted to be  
Was the meanest dude on the meanest machine  
Now I'm going to wrong way on a one-way street  
I never fit this society

I don't really mind  
Doing my own time  
The three choices I ever came to find  
Were:Dead, Jail or Rock'n'Roll  
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Dead, Jail or Rock'n'Roll  
Dead, Jail or Rock'n'Roll

I ain't looking for trouble but it's looking for me  
The law of the jungle is protecting me  
Lose sleep man stay out of your bed  
You might wind up in jail if you lose your head

In death I might find  
True peace of mind  
But while I'm alive  
Free choice is mine  
It's either:Dead, Jail or Rock'n'Roll  
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I don't really mind  
Doing my own time  
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